

HAS LONG HISTORY

THE KISS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN DAYS.

Originally a Part of Religious Ceremony—In Iceland Has Severe Laws Against the Practice—E. Star Salutation in Russia.

In the remote ages, people saluted the moon, sun and stars by kissing the hand. It was the custom of the early Christian bishops to give their hand to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar. The custom soon declined, however, as a religious ceremony, but it is still continued as a court ceremonial. The kissing of the hand of the sovereign was regarded as a mark of the highest favor to most of the kingdoms of Christendom, says the New York Tribune.

It has long been a matter of history that the beautiful and fascinating duchess of Devonshire bribed with a kiss many a reluctant voter in the famous Westminster election, and the equally beautiful and bewitching Lady Gordon, when the Scottish regiments had been thinned by cruel reverses, turned recruiting sergeant and, to tempt the gallant lads placed the recruiting shilling in her rosy lips, whence he who would might take it with his own.

In Finland the women consider a salute upon the lips as the greatest insult, even from their own husbands. There was a time when it was the custom of English duellists to kiss each other before firing. This piece of hypocrisy was satirized by John Wesley in his Journal, under date of June 16, 1758, recording a duel between two officers at Limerick: "Mr. B. proposed firing at 12 yards. Mr. J. said: 'No; six is enough.' So they kissed each other (poor fates) and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

Mohammedans on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the Kaaba. The Roman priest, on Palm Sunday kisses the palm. There is a curious tradition about the origin of kissing the toe of the sovereign pontiff. It is said that one of the Lees substituted the toe for the right hand as the object of salute because his own right hand had been mutilated by misadventure and he was too vain to expose the stump. In Iceland kissing is severely repressed by the civil laws, and the consent of the woman to the salutation does not release the male transgressor from the liability to heavy punishment. In Russia the Easter salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes each other. Chance acquaintances kiss when they meet. Principals kiss their employees, the general kisses his officers, the officers kiss their soldiers, the czar kisses his family, retinue, court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates and a select party of private soldiers. Eastertide in Russia is a carnival of "bread and cheese and kisses," while Japan knew nothing of a kiss until the Americans entered the country. In England and America still survives the custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmastide, which is one of the happiest forms of kissing known to civilized nations.

Impressed as Postman.

Gesticulating wildly, a determined-faced man at Euclid and East Eighty-ninth street the other morning ran after a Union station car with the air of a man who is anxious to overtake what he is after.

Even the conductor recognized that the man seemed to want the car to stop up and he pulled the bell cord. Perhaps the man wanted to catch a train, the conductor thought. Every once in awhile one will find a conductor with almost human traits.

In a moment the man had caught up. "Dyas go by the post office?" he yelled, in a hoarse voice that betrayed his emotion.

"Sure!" shouted the conductor. "Jump on."

But the man, instead of climbing on, handed the conductor a letter.

"Just drop that in when you get to the post office, will you?" says he. And then he turned back up the street.

The bell rope, being a strong one, did not quite break when the conductor gave the signal to go ahead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looked Into His Own Grave.

A Washington (Pa.) man had the unique experience of looking into his own grave a few days ago. Through a mistake on the part of the grave digger a sepulcher was dug in the lot of a man by the same name as one who had recently died in Grafton and was to be buried in Washington. The man who was supposed to be numbered among the great majority attended the funeral of the man who really was, and on being told about the mistake went and stood on the brink of his own grave and turned away with a shudder.

Lady Wilde's Ready Wit.

If the political women of today had the humor, say, of the late Lady Wilde, their cause would not be so hopeless. She was very indignant about the world-old tyranny of men over women, and said many bitter things. But one could forgive much to a woman who, in dwelling upon the fact that the alleged masculine tyranny began with Adam, described our first parent crisply and comically, as a "dictatorial Autodidact"—L. M. change.

HIS ARTISTIC SOUL REVOLTED.

Young Painter Saw Period of Suffering While Earning Needed Money.

The young artist, almost on the verge of starvation, had just accepted an order from an elderly spinster to paint her portrait. When the terms and appointments had been fixed and the spinster was descending the rickety studio stairs, a student friend of the young painter, who had overheard the deal, rushed in from the next room to offer his congratulations.

To his surprise, however, he found his friend sitting downcast before his easel, his head in his hands.

"Why, Francois, why so downhearted?" he inquired, stopping short to stare at the artist. "Didn't I just overhear you bagging an order to paint a face at 1,000 francs?"

"Yes," replied Francois, sadly.

"And your need of the money is something fierce, isn't it?"

"And the other nodded."

"Then, my friend, you should be kicking the ceiling in your lucky strike!"

The artist now lifted his head slowly and gazed pitifully at his companion.

"Melvin," said he, "did you get a glimpse of her?"

"No."

"Then," said the other, allowing his head again to fall into his hands, "you do not know, my friend, what torture I will have to undergo from morning till night for a whole week studying that face!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

YOUNG CONVICT WAS A GENIUS.

Australian Saved from Penitentiary Later Did Remarkable Work.

In the gardens attached to the houses of parliament, Melbourne, there is an elaborately sculptured fountain, embellished with human figures, birds, flowers and various other ornamental work in stone. This fountain has a remarkable history. It was constructed entirely by a convict named William Stanford, within the walls of the Melbourne jail. When a young man of 21, Stanford, in a weak moment, joined a band of bushranging desperadoes, was captured and sentenced to terms of imprisonment amounting in the aggregate to 21 years. One day Col. Champ, the governor of Melbourne jail, was astonished to find a beautiful angelic figure which Stanford had carved out of a meat bone. He showed it to the leading sculptor of Melbourne who declared that the young man was a natural genius. The sculptor visited the jail and gave Stanford some lessons in the art. A petition for pardon was influentially signed, and Stanford was released. He became one of the most successful sculptors in Melbourne, and completely lived down his juvenile criminal escapade.

As to Hogs.

A venerable Chinese laundryman, who likes to tell a tale or swap a lie, said the other day: "In China every gentleman works for a living, except the hog. Hog no work at all." Hogs do work in some parts of Ireland, and in the lowlands of Germany are beasts of burden. Abraham Lincoln used to tell about them in his younger days working in Indiana and Illinois. In the backwoods, when a chimney was to be built, or a cabin daubed, the workmen dug a big hole in the clayey ground, filled it about half full of water, scattered a few handfuls of corn therein and turned loose the swine. The latter plunged in after the corn, and in a short while had converted the contents of the hole into excellent mortar.

Look Forward.

Forget your faults and failures. Or remember them only to learn the lesson they have to teach, the frailty or folly or wickedness of spirit which they should disclose to you—the vanity that weakens, the pride that hardens, the greed that corrupts. Let your past be not a ball and chain tied to your ankle to keep you back, but a journal to tell you what road you have traveled. Then, looking back only long enough to see where you are and what your course should be, forget the things that are behind and press forward.—The Outlook.

Luminous Birds.

Owls do not appear to be the only luminous birds. The authors of "The Water Birds of North America" allude to the phosphorescent plumage of the great blue heron. The breast feathers of this species, it appears, are furnished with a downy, light-emitting substance. The bird itself is known as the "bird-lantern." It is suggested that the luminosity may be of service to the bird, both by attracting the fish and enabling it to see them.

To Call Out Stations.

"The number of people who speak the English language is now estimated at 175,000,000," remarked the boarder who had been gleaming statistics from a patent medicine almanac.

"So?" rejoined the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the mahogany. "It's a wonder they don't employ some of them as guards on the elevated trains."

Had Hoped for Real Money.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church, provided we can get other subscriptions making the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife.

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute \$100 in cash."—Town and Country.

TOMB OF CONFUCIUS

MODEST SHRINE MARKS GREAT LEADER'S RESTING PLACE.

Seventy-Seven Generations of His Family Have Lived in Place Where Illustrious Chinese Philosopher Was Born.

A new guide book buries this laconic paragraph among its descriptions of the German port of Tsingtau and of about 50 routes in the Shantung province of China:

"At T'shu fu, on passports and cards presented to Duke Kung, permission is granted to visit the temple and tomb of Confucius."

Many known tombs were very old before that of Confucius was built, but there is no doubt that Duke Kung can show a longer pedigree than any other person. He is the latest in the line of the descendants of Confucius, and the family has lived for 77 generations in the very place where the illustrious Chinese philosopher was born and died.

The remarkable history of this family is due largely to the attitude of the Chinese toward the descendants of the great teacher. The family is the only example of hereditary aristocracy in the empire. The head of the house is an independent nobleman, ranking next to the imperial family, supported by the state on the rentals derived from nearly 200,000 acres of land, and distinguished by various special honors and privileges. The governor of the province of Shantung, in the western part of which Confucius was born, is required to prostrate himself nine times when he pays his respects to the duke, but the few Europeans who have visited the place have been simply and cordially welcomed though making only their customary salutation. No other family in the world, of course, has a record of having lived for over 2,400 years in one place. Confucius died in his birthplace 2,355 years ago.

Four-fifths of the population of the little city that is hallowed by the dust of Confucius can trace their lineage to the philosopher. If the place is to be visited hereafter by the tourists who will go to China in increasing numbers as transportation facilities improve there should be some agreement as to the spelling of its name. It is spelled in two ways in the guide book referred to, and Legge, Williamson and some other writers on Confucius have their own original transliterations for the name of his birthplace. Political reform in China should be accompanied by reform in the Occidental spellings of Chinese place names.

Sequestered among the mountains of Shantung, the town has been almost unattainable by foreigners; and even to-day few pilgrims, unsustained by firm purpose, will undergo the great discomforts of the journey there. Six days are required to reach the town from the railroad at Tsinan fu. The road is too bad for driving, and the choice is offered to the tourist between six days on a donkey or in a wheelbarrow. The place is called the Mecca of China, but many devotees from the western world are likely to wait for the improvement of transportation facilities.

Some hours before the city is reached the visitor may see the large cemetery in which the remains of Confucius and his descendants repose. Near the top of a gentle eminence is a terrace to which a stone stairway gives access. The terrace is covered with flagging stones, not in the best of repair, for the surface is uneven, and at the further side of the flagging opposite the stairway rises a tombstone of ordinary height, embedded in mortar between cross pieces of stone. The flat surface is covered with the inscription, and in front of it are a stone prayer stool and a handsome vessel in which incense is constantly burning.

This is the modest and simple tomb of the man who was deified by his countrymen and whose temples, reared for his honor and worship, may be seen in all the larger cities of the empire.

Georgia Cotton Seed Sent to Mexico.

R. H. Smith of Monticello, Ga., one of the most prominent cotton planters in Georgia, was in Atlanta recently superintending the shipment of 20 tons of seed cotton which he had grown, to Elderg Ulmer of Torreón Coahuila, Mexico.

The fame of these seeds has spread over the country, and Mr. Smith is making quite a name for himself and his cotton by its extensive sale and general use.

This cotton will be placed in Mexico, and doubtless will bear fruit equal to that secured from it in Georgia.

This is the longest distance shipment of seed cotton yet recorded from Georgia.—Atlanta Constitution.

Defending Portsmouth Harbor.

The construction of the new defense breakwater at Portsmouth, England, has been commenced. This is a unique undertaking in order to prevent hostile vessels rushing the naval harbor under cover of darkness. A row of huge concrete blocks is to be dropped across the shallow sandbanks. These blocks weigh 34 tons each, and placed end to end will make a formidable wall which no destroyer can jump. There is a fort at either end, one on shore and one in the sea, and the only way of getting through the breakwater will be through a gap, which can be quickly closed in case of need.

SEE ONLY RED AND YELLOW.

These the Dream Colors, According to Dr. Havelock Ellis.

Red and yellow are the dream colors if Dr. Havelock Ellis is right. No other hues come to the dreamer of dreams. Simrho has declared that red is the most primitive of colors, and long ago protoplasm from which human beings derived their origin on the new earth probably responded to or was affected by red color waves.

In the depth of the sea the algae or sea weed are red. With the savage red is the favorite color, and for a bright piece of red called African savages gladly would give valuable elephant tusks.

Red strikes the note of intense emotions. It is the color of joy, exultation, jubilation. Savages paint themselves red, and rejoice at seeing each other in burning hues. German women of the early ages daubed their bodies with brilliant red and yellow, and considered themselves must beauteously adorned.

On sacred festivals in Rome and Greece Pliny records red was smeared over the statues of Jupiter, and was the color of religious rejoicing. The human eye, it is said, can distinguish 100,000 different hues or colors, and can appreciate and differentiate 20 shades of each hue. In other words, the eye is capable of 2,000,000 color impressions.

RELIEF FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

Where the United States is Behind European Countries.

The plan for establishing a state labor colony incidentally calls attention to the backwardness of the new world in two important matters, the relief of honest men out of employment and the suppression of vagrants. Save for the work done chiefly by private organizations, in a few large cities, there would be absolutely nothing in the United States which a Swiss, German or Dutch charity worker might compare to the labor colonies of his native land. Even a Frenchman, whose country is overrun by vagabonds, can point with pride to relief measures which have already done much to reduce the suffering due to the enforced continuous idleness of from 6.5 per cent. to seven per cent. of all workmen. The idea of allotting small gardens to men out of work was conceived and put into practice by Gen. van den Bosch in Holland as far back as 1818; to-day more than 2,000 poor families are thus supported in the little kingdom. The environs of Paris are dotted with some 7,000 plots assigned by the Workmen's Garden Society to the unemployed, either gratis or at a nominal cost.

Sun's Heat.

Popularly speaking, the heat of the sun is such that the total annual output of all the earth's coal mines would serve to keep up the solar radiation for only one-fourth-millionth part of a second. If the earth was a solid mass of coal and could be supplied to the solar furnace it would last just 36 hours. The same difficulty attends the attempt to mentally realize the amount of the solar heat that is appropriated by our planet. Science has demonstrated that the amount of the sun's heat caught by the earth is only the 2,250-millionth part. In other words, the heat of the sun is sufficient to warm up 2,250,000,000 worlds the size of the one we are living in.—New York American.

How She Kept Young.

Some one once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was 80 years old and her energy was waning, but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interests.

And this was her answer: "I knew how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial."—Woman.

Why Should He Boast?

"I have seen London," said the speaker, waving his left arm, "I have ridden through the streets of Paris; I have stood among the monuments of Berlin; I have feasted my eyes upon the beauties of Vienna; I have gazed upon the eternal hills of Rome, and I—" "Yes," interrupted a man in the gallery, "but I'll bet \$40 you've never seen Main street in Scrubgrass, Penn."

An Easy Way Out of Trouble.

"We simply can't go on as we have been going," he declared. "We are spending more than I'm making. You surely must be able to understand that such a state of affairs can't last long."

"Then, dear," she soothingly replied, "why don't you make more?"

Why He Had To.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

No Show for It.

"They say Esperanto has so many synonyms and so many words which end alike that anybody will be able to write poetry in it."

"Well, then, I guess that settles Esperanto."

THE "LANGUAGE" OF ANIMALS.

Various Cries and Calls Not the Medium of Communication.

Huxley thought that because of the absence of language the brutes can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feeling, and this is the opinion of most comparative psychologists. I am myself quite ready to admit that the lower animals come as near to reasoning as they come to having a language. Their various cries and calls—the call to the mate, of alarm, of pain, of joy—do serve as the medium of some sort of communication, but they do not stand for ideas or mental concepts any more than the various cries of a child do. They are the result of simple reactions to outward objects or to inward wants, and do not imply any mental process whatever.

A grown person may utter a cry of pain or fear or pleasure with a mind utterly blank of any ideas. Once on a moonlight night I lay in wait for some boy poachers in my vineyard. As I suddenly rose up, clad in a long black coat, and rushed for one and seized his leg as he was hastening over the fence, he uttered a wild, agonized scream precisely as a wild animal does when suddenly seized. He told me afterward he was simply frightened out of his wits. For the moment he was simply an unreasoning animal.—John Burroughs, in Outing Magazine.

BOUGHT AND FOUND THEM NOT.

Few, Indeed, There Seem to Be Who Really Love Nature.

One came from another world. He went down Fleet street and saw the weary, witless men who wrote daily of Nature and her beauties. He went to a theater and heard those who sang of her charm. He went into the country, and heard peasants grumbling of their lot and sighing for the town. He watched "sportsmen," who rent the magnificent silences with the harsh crack of rifles, and destroyed wantonly the blithest birds and beasts. Then he met a philosopher.

"I have seen those who live with Nature, those who ravish her splendors, those who write and sing of her. Now, where are those who love her?"

And, like all men with a reputation, the philosopher was silent.—Westminster Gazette.

Gotham's Limited Shake.

"If there is any one thing irritates me," said a Chicago man who was spending a few days in the metropolis "it is the habit that some of you New Yorkers have contracted of giving one or two fingers in place of the full hand shake. I've had the experience half a dozen times this trip, and I'm heartily tired of it. Of course, as a rule, the person who so greets you has something in his right hand—papers or what not—when the salutation is exchanged; but why, in the name of common sense, doesn't he dispose of the impedimenta for a brief moment of friendliness? We think that we hustle out in the Windy City, and as a matter of fact we do, but we aren't in such an all-fired hurry that we can't take time off to give a decent grasp."

Forethought.

A lad of ten years living in a suburb of Baltimore was recently taken into town to spend the day with his grandfather.

At dinner he ate himself into a state of great satisfaction, his relatives the while looking on in wonder. Finally he was actually forbidden to eat any more.

On the way home the lad pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing at it.

"What is that, Bobby?" asked his sister.

"Only a dog biscuit," came from Robert, in apologetic tone.

"Where did you get it?"

"I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained Bobby, "so I took it away from Fido."—Harper's Bazar.

How Lord Kelvin Saved His Neck.

The late Lord Kelvin, when he was deep in some abstract problem, was very absent-minded and unpunctual. So much so, that his parrot used always to cry out: "Late again! Late again!" when the scientist came in to his meals. He never gave himself time to catch trains, and for many years persisted in jumping into trains while they were in motion—to the great risk of his limbs. His friends declared that the ice accident which lamed him was a blessing in disguise, for it saved his neck.

"No Gulf of Mute Space."

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me—the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibration of water running over pebbles. Once having been felt, these loved voices rustle, buzz, hum, flutter and ripple in my thought forever, an undying part of happy memories.—From Helen Keller's "Sense and Sensibility" in Century.

As She Understood It.

We were talking about honors, and I heard the story about Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R. A., when he was knighted, says a writer in the London Tatler.

"Oh," said a lady friend, "dear Sir Lawrence, I am so glad. I suppose, now that you have been knighted, you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman?"

SENATE DEMANDS

Full Details Concerning All Deals in Treasurer's Office.

Columbus, O.—While the house of representatives was refusing to grant further power or life to the special committee appointed to investigate the state treasury, a similar special committee of the senate was extracting some material that further reflected upon the almost unbelievable conditions of affairs in the accounting system of that department.

The said committee is directed to investigate and report to the senate as to the method employed by the bureau of inspection of public offices and the cost of same to the state and the local authorities of the state, as well as why such bureau has not been applied, as required by law, to the state officers, and said committee is further directed to examine into all matters, allowances, remissions and valuations and the method employed in making the same by the state boards having charge the remission of taxes, the assessments of railways, banks, interurban companies, express, telegraph and telephone companies, and report its findings to the senate.

TWO BOILERS EXPLODE.

Waterworks Plant is Wrecked, Cutting Off Fire Protection.

Gallipolis, O.—Two large boilers in the city waterworks plant exploded, wrecking the building and leaving the city without protection from fire.

Debris was thrown in all directions and several persons had narrow escapes from being killed.

Mrs. Anna Steed was struck and badly injured, but will recover. The cause of the explosion was not learned.

Superintendent John C. Oliver and his assistants had banked both fires and left the plant but a short time before the explosion occurred, which jarred buildings many miles distant.

Death Due To Fright.

Ripley, O.—Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, wife of a wealthy farmer residing near here, died of sheer fright. She was ill when anonymous notices were posted on Mr. Hopkins' barn threatening dire results if he sold his tobacco to the trust, and the threats frightened her so that she failed rapidly and the end soon came.

Berry's Seed Bill Killed.

Columbus, O.—The senate killed Senator Berry's seed bill, which provided a penalty for the sale of adulterated seed, in which he hoped to solve the question of destroying obnoxious weeds. The authority of examination of seeds and prosecution was lodged with the state dairy and food commissioner.

Block Guttered.

Cleveland, O.—Fire gutted the five-story block, Lakeside avenue, in the wholesale district, causing a total loss of \$150,000. The occupants were the J. H. Holmes Distilling Co., George Lindemueller, wholesale tobacco; Imperial Skirt Co.; E. G. Korach & Co., cloaks, and Continental Paper Bag Co.

Dayton Plant To Resume.

Dayton, O.—The officers of the National Cash Register Co. announce that they have only closed down temporarily. The cessation of work, they say, is in no way a result of the general business disturbance of the country. It is their expectation to resume shortly.

To Protect Mines.

Columbus, O.—A bill by Senator Duval aiming to protect the lives of Ohio miners was passed by the senate. The bill provides for the insulation of all electric wires and the proper casing of all electrical apparatus and dangerous machinery used in the mines.

Woman Commits Suicide.

Marion, O.—"No one loves me," cried Mrs. Maggie Thornburg, and in the presence of her husband lifted a box of rat poison to her lips and swallowed the contents. She died on the day which her superstitious nature caused her to fear, Friday, the 13th.

Tired of Living.

Tiffin, O.—Louis Lorenzen, 40 years old, solicitor of a local paper, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. After buying the poison he paid the premium on a \$2,000 life insurance policy and went home and ended his life.

Founder of "Black String."

Jefferson, O.—Capt. Benjamin F. Perry, aged 79, late of the Twenty-ninth O. V. I., and one of seven men who in the fifties organized the famous "Black String" Anti-Slavery Society, died in West Andover.

"Whitecaps" Are Busy.

Upper Sandusky, O.—Twenty-five "whitecaps" rode into McCutchinsville near here, and completely riddled with bullets the home of Constable Klefer. The masked visitors objected to the presence of a negro as a servant in the home of Klefer.

Zaleski Car Shops Burn.

McArthur, O.—The old Zaleski car shops burned, and tramps are suspected of having started the fire. A new tile factory had been started in the buildings, which were of brick. The loss is \$25,000, with no insurance.

Skeleton is Discovered.

Hamilton, O.—What is believed to be the skeleton of one of the soldiers of Gen. Wayne's army was found on a farm two miles west of Hamilton by C. Z. Mikesell and Henry Jacobi, of this city. The spot was an outpost of old Ft. Hamilton.